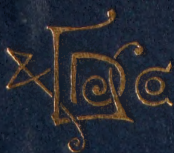
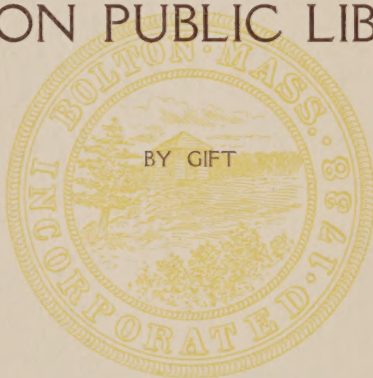


·THROUGH·THE·YEAR·WITH·THE·POETS·

·EDITED·BY·
·OSCAR·FAY·ADAMS·



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JANUARY

EDITED BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS

THE wave is breaking on the shore,
The echo fading from the chime,
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
The New Year.

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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PREFACE.

MIDWINTER and kindred themes form the contents of this number of *Through the Year with the Poets*. How completely the field of English verse has been gone over in its preparation the reader may judge for himself. Several poems, which the editor would have been glad to place between these covers, have been omitted, either at the request of their authors, or because, for various reasons, it has not been considered advisable to insert a disproportionate number of poems by any one writer; but, aside from these limitations, the editor feels confident that the poetry of January is at least fairly represented here. Several of the poems are now printed for the first time, while the majority of them are not contained in other anthologies, and will, therefore, be new to many readers. This feature, which was a noticeable one in *December*, will remain equally prominent in the subsequent issues of this series. Much care has been taken in the preparation of the biographical data in the list of authors, and trustworthy authorities have been freely consulted. With regard to many living writers, accurate data have been furnished by the

writers themselves; and a number of such details are here given for the first time.

The editor gratefully acknowledges the many courtesies received from authors in England and America; and the publishers desire to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chas. Scribner's Sons; J. B. Lippincott Co.; Cupples, Upham & Co.; Ticknor & Co.; Lee & Shepard; Roberts Brothers; Jansen, McClurg & Co.; and The Century Company, for permission to copy from the authors of whose works they control the copyright; and to Miss Emily C. Weeks, for permission to use two poems by her brother, the late Robert Kelley Weeks.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 21, 1885.

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JANUARY.

JANUARY.

*Firstly thou, churl son of Janus,
Rough for cold, in drugget clad,
Com'st with rack and rheum to pain us ;
Firstly thou, churl son of Janus.
Caverned now is old Sylvanus ;
Numb and chill are maid and lad.*

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Masque of the Months.

JANUARY.

JANUARY.

JANUS am I ; oldest of potentates ;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of years and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.

I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow ;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen ;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
The Poet's Calendar.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years have linings just as goblets do :
The old year is the lining of the new, —
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

*THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW
YEAR IN.*

RING then, ring loudly, merry midnight bells,
 Peal the new lord of days blithe welcoming, —
 What though your sweet-scaled notes be also knells,

Be knells the while for the old fallen king
 Resting his dying head upon the snow?
 Ring out the old year, for the new year ring.

.

Hark! hark! the music of the merry chime!
 The King is dead! God's blessing on the King!
 Welcome with gladness this new King of Time.

Oh merry midnight bells, ring blithely, ring,
 Wake with your breathless peal the startled night,
 High in your belfry in mad frolic swing.

Laugh out again, sweet music and delight,
 In happy homes a moment hushed to hear
 The midnight strokes boom out the old year's flight.

See, he is gone for ever, the old year,
 Why should we vex our heart with sad farewells?
 Let the dead sleep, bare not his shrouded bier.

Ring on, ring yet more gladly, merry bells,
 Peal the new lord of days glad welcoming, —
 What though your happy chimes be also knells?

MRS. AUGUSTA [DAVIES] WEBSTER.

TO NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IF eagles shifting but their bills, have made
Their youth return, so years seem retrograde ;
And if 't be true, that every change of skin
To th' creeping brood, doth a new age begin :
Or whilst th' eleven months like food appear
To satiate the hungry *Fanivere*.

Why should not man this riddle too unfold,
And be renewed by putting off the old ?

MILDMAY FANE,
Second Earl of Westmoreland.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

ACROSS the solemn spaces of the years
How sweet to hear the voices that we knew
When fewer hearts were sad and more were true,
And life had less of sorrows than of tears !
Then take we gladder hope to us again,
For who shall say that all our past is vain,
While one sweet soul esteems our little worth,
And singles us from all the good of earth
For kindly greeting as the days go by ?
O friend of mine, whose rare fidelity
Stands sentinel at Friendship's holy shrine,
Lest care and change dissever souls at one,
The Lord keep watch between us, mine and thine,
Till night is gone and golden dawn begun !

MRS. KATHARINE MARGARET [BROWNLEE] SHERWOOD.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HARK !

The Old Year is gone !

And the young New Year is coming !

Through minutes, and days, and unknown skies,

My soul on her forward journey flies ;

Over the regions of rain and snow ;

And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow :

And I see the meadows, all cowslip-strewn ;

And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone ;

And the wild bee humming : —

And all because the New Year is coming !

The Winter is cold, the Winter is gray,

But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day :

The son of the stormy Autumn, he

Totters about on a palsied knee,

With a frozen heart and a feeble head :

Let us pierce a barrel and drink him dead !

The fresh New Year is almost here ;

Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear !

Let us welcome hither with songs and wine,

Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine !

What is the Past, — to you, or me,

But a thing that was, and was to be ?

And now it is gone to a world unknown ;

Its deeds are done ; its flight is flown !

Hark to The Past ! In a bitter tone,

It crieth, " The good Old Year is flown," —

The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers!
Ah! why, thou ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rail'st thou at the deeds of our father 'Time?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul away?
Hath he not 'wakened, with pleasant pain,
The Muse that slept in thy teeming brain?
Hath he not, — ah dost *thou* forget
All the amount of the mighty debt?

Hush, hush! The little *I* owe to 'Time
I'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme,
Full of phantasmas, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old Old Year,
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep Night's funereal bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale,
Like the close of a mournful tale!
In the mean time, — speak, trump and drum!
The Year is gone! the Year is come!
The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
That telleth of hope and joy, my dear!
Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come, — through years un-
known;
But *never* forget the time that's flown!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

THE NEW YEAR.

I HEAR you, blithe new year, ring out your laughter
And promises so sweet :

I see the circling months that follow after,
Arm-linked, with waltzing feet.

Before my door I stand to give you greeting,
As swift you speed along,
And hear afar the echoes still repeating
Your trills of jocund song.

White are the flying garlands that enwreathe you,
Wove of the gleaming snow,
And white the sloping fields that stretch beneath you,
Mocking the sunset glow.

You shout with glee, like sportive children flinging
Wild roses in their play ;
And sweet your laughter sounds, like bells a-ringing
At bridals far away.

I sat bemoaning that the year was waning,
The old year true and tried ;
But at your voice I hush my sad complaining,
To win you to my side.

Ah, happy cherubs, I must trust your smiling,
Your innocent, glad eyes ;
Though well I guess what power of fond beguiling
In their enticement lies.

And so I call across the buried clovers,
Where dance your restless feet,
And cry, — Good speed, my merry troop of rovers !
Your promises are sweet.

The snow drifts shine before me in the valleys,
Where you say spring shall be,
But straight I picture blooming orchard-alleys,
With birds on every tree.

Though all the night midwinter's moon is beaming
Through cold, resplendent skies,
Beneath full boughs that glimmer in my dreaming,
June's leafy shadow lies.

And fancy sets the drowsy bees to humming
Where lilacs flush and sway ;
Forgetting none the less that their quick coming
Must speed a chiller day.

O, youngest child of Time, no hint of sorrow
Clouds your prophetic face,
And yet I know your radiant to-morrow
Will lack a present grace.

In life, each springtime grows less fresh and tender,
Each summer less divine ;
I reap the harvests, but they fail to render
The fruits that once were mine.

O give me back the loves your race have squandered,
Those giddy, spendthrift years,

8 *THE OLD BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.*

The sunlit paths wherein my feet have wandered,
Youth's eagerness and tears.

And keep the strange new gifts with which you cheat
me,

Luring my wistful gaze ;
From out the past you may not bring to greet me
The friends of other days.

MRS. ABBA [GOOLD] WOOLSON.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

O THE spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year ;
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn fruitage thicken
As it did, — the seasons sicken
Every year.

It is growing cold and colder
Every year,
And I feel that I am older
Every year ;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic,
Yea, my habits grow monastic
Every year.

'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker
 Every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker
 Every year ;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing ?
Love is less and less entrancing
 Every year.

O the days that I have squandered
 Every year,
And the friendships rudely sundered
 Every year ;
Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
 Every year.

Sad and sad to look before us
 Every year,
With a heavier shadow o'er us
 Every year ;
To behold each blossom faded,
And to know we might have made it
An immortal garland, braided
 Round the year.

Many a spectral, beckoning finger,
 Year by year,
Chides me that so long I linger,
 Year by year ;

Every early comrade sleeping
In the churchyard, whither, weeping,
I — alone unwept — am creeping
Year by year.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

LOVELY Spring,
A brief sweet thing,
Is swift on the wing;
Gracious Summer,
A slow sweet comer,
Hastens past;
Autumn while sweet
Is all incomplete
With a moaning blast, —
Nothing can last,
Can be cleaved unto,
Can be dwelt upon;
It is hurried through,
It is come and gone,
Undone it cannot be done,
It is ever to do,
Ever old, ever new,
Ever waxing old
And lapsing to Winter cold.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

JANUARY.

. . . JANUARY is here,
With eyes that keenly glow, —
A frost-mailed warrior striding
A shadowy steed of snow.

EDGAR FAWCETT.
The Masque of Months.

THE YEAR HAS CHANGED ITS NAME.

THE year has changed its name since that last tale ;
Yet nought the prisoned spring doth that avail.
Deep buried under snow the country lies ;
Made dim by whirling flakes the rook still flies
Southwest before the wind ; noon is as still
As midnight on the southward-looking hill,
Whose slopes have heard so many words and loud
Since on the vine the woolly buds first showed.
The raven hanging o'er the farmstead gate,
While for another death his eye doth wait,
Hears but the muffled sound of crowded byre
And winds' moan round the wall. Up in the spire
The watcher set high o'er the half-hid town
Hearkens the sound of chiming bells fall down
Below him ; and so dull and dead they seem
That he might well-nigh be amidst a dream
Wherein folk hear and hear not.

WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise.

THE WEAVERS—JANUARY.

TELL us, O Janus, whom with dual face
The ancients imaged, as if thus to see
Before, behind thee, tell us if there be
Watch-fires of any kind informed with grace
To melt the mists of doubt that interlace
And dim our straining vision? We would free
The weaving of the new year's tapestry
From unknown errors, and from every trace
Of known defection. But, alas! our light
Falls only on the pattern, while the thread —
As though by Gobelin weavers swiftly led,
Shifting in color, shaded now, now bright —
Reveals no purpose till the work is done,
And on the picture shines a rounded sun.

MRS. MARY [BARKER] DODGE.

TO WINTER.

O WINTER! bar thine adamantine doors;
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
Rides heavy; his storms are unchained, sheathed
In ribbèd steel; I dare not lift mine eyes;
For he has reared his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks;
He withers all in silence, and in his hand
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs, — the mariner
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st
With storms! till heaven smiles, and the monster
Is driven yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

WINTER.

THOU hast thy beauties: sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

BERNARD BARTON.

JANUARY.

WINTER, now hastening to possess for bride
The earth left widowed by bright Summer dead,
Bestows on her snow-robcs of whitest pride,
Replacing weeds of Autumn withered ;
Thus, through his bounty, being newly dressed,
That she may shine, his bride indeed confessed.

Now will she wail not for her former spouse, —
No more compare his sunlit smile most sweet
With the dark gloom o'erspreacling Winter's brows,
His breath of coldness and his robes of sleet ;
Whiles he, as jealous of the dead's past mirth,
Lays his effacing garb upon the earth.

The sedge-bound brook that, in the summer days,
Babbling and sparkling surged an amorous song,
Winter has prisoned with an ice-cold gaze,
And silently he creeps his banks along ;
Condemned to muteness sullenly doth roll,
And in sad silence vexes out his soul.

Manhattan Magazine, January, 1883.

THE FALLING SNOW.

I SEE a straggling, dim procession pass
Of shrugging, shadowy shapes that come and go ;
I sit and watch through clouded panes of glass,
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below ;
I sit and list, I list in vain, to hear
The feathery footfall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof
And muffled wheel. And, in the silence, lo,
I sit and worship 'neath my whitening roof !
The world keeps sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day,
Unseen, unheard, — the loved of long ago !
Alas ! why miss and mourn I, more than they,
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow ?

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

"WE LIKE THE WINTER AND ITS SNOWS."

BALLADE.

WHEN we were children we would say, —
"I like the coming of the Spring,
I like the violets of May,
I like, why, almost everything
That March and May and April bring."
But now we value less the rose,
And care not when the birds take wing.
We like the Winter and its snows.

For Springtime cannot always stay,
And song-birds do not always sing ;

The Summer passes swift away,
And Autumn tree leaves weakly cling.
So when we sit here listening
To every fitful wind that blows,
And see the white land glistening,
We like the Winter and its snows.

Who would not in the fountain's spray
His heavy cares be glad to fling,
If life were all a summer day
And green boughs bent for us to swing!
But roses bear sharp thorns that sting,
And yesterday the fountain froze,
So while the winds are whistling
We like the Winter and its snows.

ENVOY.

Prince, you and I are glad to ring
Our changes on the youth that goes,
And laugh while we are shivering,
"We like the Winter and its snows."

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER.

THE bittern hies,
In lazy flight,
Where starshine lies
O'er moorlands white,
And shakes new fear from ghostly night.

The reeds hang stiff
By many a stream,
The sailing skiff
Sails like a dream,
And prayers go up beneath the gleam.

Rude falls the wave
On shingles cold,
And foam-beads lave
The forests old,
And break and die on their dark mould.

In pools like stone,
So still and bright,
The stork alone,
Like an anchorite,
Tells to himself his dreamy rite.

No cloud is strewn
O'er the frozen sky;
To a spirit tune
Their lullaby
The oaks around chant dismally.

Not a living man
Moves on the moor;
No soul that can
Opes now the door,
But silent fear haunts the wild shore.

Bad spirits sail
On the cloudy rack,
The dark turns pale
In their blasting track,
Where they touch the frost is sooty black.

The marsh grass thin
Shivers in fear,
Thistle-downs spin
From the thistle sere,
And shadows race o'er the levels drear.

Like silver shines
Each sea shell worn.
The ridged sand-lines
By surges torn
Seem fairy ramparts left and lorn.

A star down drops
From the sea on high,
Past the forest tops
To the lower sky,
Like a tear from a suffering angel's eye.

Icicles hoar
Split and descend ;
On the freezing shore
The frost kings rend
Their sheeny jewelry evermore.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

THE MONARCH OF THE NORTH

UNBARRED, to-day, the arctic door.
The royal army marches forth ;
Back ! angry blasts ride on before
The hoary monarch of the North !
The trumpets sound, the captains glance
From crest to crest, from lance to lance ;
Rouse, vassals ! clank the biting chain,
Your icy shackles drag amain !
Think ye to move his heart with prayer,
This gray old terror of the air ?
He glories in the dying groan,
The shrunken flesh, the staring bone ;
He gloats upon each pleading eye,
As savagely he passes by.
Rouse ! Up ! it is the warrior's day,
Wild hosts of Winter march this way !
Beware ! again the trumpets blare !
Lo, answering powers crowd the air ;
Dread horde invisible, they drive
Together, wrestle, fiercely strive,
In writhing masses downward leap,
Down, — down the helpless valley sweep.
Onward they ravage. Hark ! the roar
From mountain top to ocean shore !
Aha, who bars the arctic door,
Forbids his army's marching forth ?
Back ! back ! mad blasts ride on before
Wroth Winter, monarch of the North !

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

JANUARY.

WHICH of the merry months shall I praise?

Meadow birds, say!

Shall the April nights, or the autumn days,

Have place in my lay?

“Oh the sun of the summer is golden and strong,
And the flowers of the summer shine fairly and long,
Sing thou to the summer the first of thy song,

As we sing on the spray.”

No! no!

Meadow birds, no!

Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove,

And the sky of the summer is bluest above,

But the year's first month, she bringeth my love,

And her bridal-day!

Say, is it wrong

To keep crown and song

For the month that leadeth my lady along?

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE ROBIN.

WHEN ice is black upon the pond,

And woods and ways are choked with snow,

The Robin flutters in!

The little maids, with wide glad eyes,

Stand spell-bound, lest a breath or sign
Shall scare him from his crumbs.

Oft when the fire is keen with frost,
And blinds are drawn and candles lit,
(O Robin, flutter in !)
They sit around the cosy hearth,
And hear with wondering love and awe,
How Robin's breast grew red.

Fond little maids ! each fancies now
That somewhere in the great white snow,
(O Robin, flutter in !)
That somewhere, in the tracts of snow,
An icy Cross forsaken stands,
And Christ hangs pale and dead !

A childish fancy ? Be it so !
And let me ever be a child,
With Robins fluttering in,
Than grow into the man who sees
In wintry wastes of unbelief
A phantom Christ and Cross !

WILLIAM CANTON.

ADDRESS TO A LARK.

(SINGING IN WINTER.)

Av, little Larky ! what's the reason,
Singing thus in winter season ?
Nothing, surely, can be pleasing

To make thee sing ;
For I see nought but cold and freezing,
And feel its sting.

Perhaps, all done with silent mourning,
Thou think'st that summer is returning,
And this the last, cold, frosty morning,
To chill thy breast ;
If so, I pity thy discerning ;
And so I've guessed.

Poor little Songster ! vainly cheated :
Stay, leave thy singing uncompleted ;
Drop where thou wast beforehand seated,
In thy warm nest ;
Nor let vain wishes be repeated,
But sit at rest.

'Tis Winter ; let the cold content thee :
Wish after nothing till it's sent thee,
For disappointments will torment thee,
Which will be thine :
I know it well, for I've had plenty
Misfortunes mine.

Advice, sweet Warbler ! don't despise it :
None knows what's what, but he that tries it ;
And then he well knows how to prize it,
And so do I :
Thy case, with mine I sympathize it,
With many a sigh.

Vain Hope ! of thee I've had my portion ;
Mere flimsy cobweb ! changing ocean !
That flits the scene at every motion,
 And still eggs on,
With sweeter view, and stronger notion
 To dwell upon.

Yes, I've dwelt long on idle fancies,
Strange and uncommon as romances,
On future luck my noddle dances,
 What I would be ;
But, ah ! when future time advances,
 All's blank to me.

Now twenty years I've packed behind me,
Since Hope's deluding tongue inclined me
To fuss myself. But, Warbler, mind me,
 It's all a sham ;
And twenty more's as like to find me
 Just as I am.

I'm poor enough, there's plenty knows it ;
Obscure ; how dull, my scribbling shews it :
Then sure 'twas madness to suppose it,
 What I was at,
To gain preferment ! — there I'll close it :
 So mum for that.

Let mine, sweet Bird, then be a warning :
Advice, in season, don't be scorning ;

But wait till Spring's first days are dawning
 To glad and cheer thee ;
 And then, sweet Minstrel of the morning,
 I'd wish to hear thee.

JOHN CLARE

DIRGE.

"Dr. Birch's young friends will reassemble to-day."

WHITE is the wold, and ghostly
 The dank and leafless trees ;
 And *Ms* and *Ns* are mostly
 Pronounced like *Bs* and *Ds* ;
 'Neath bleak sheds, ice-encrusted,
 The sheep stand, mute and stolid ;
 The ducks find out, disgusted,
 That all the ponds are solid.

Many a stout steer's work is
 (At least in this world) finished ;
 The gross amount of turkeys
 Is sensibly diminished.
 The holly-boughs are faded,
 The painted crackers gone ;
 Would I could write, as Gray did,
 An Elegy thereon !

For Christmas time is ended ;
 Now is "our youth" regaining

Those sweet spots where are "blended
Home-comforts and school-training."
Now they're, I dare say, venting
Their grief in transient sobs,
And I am "left lamenting"
At home with Mrs. Dobbs.

.
But ah! for them, whose laughter
We heard last New Year's Day,
(They recked not of Hereafter,
Or what the Doctor 'd say,)
For those small forms that fluttered
Moth-like around the plate,
When Sally brought the buttered
Buns in at half-past eight!

Ah, for the altered visage
Of her, our tiny Belle,
Whom my boy Gus (at his age!)
Said was a "deuced swell!"
Perhaps now Miss Tickler's tocsin
Has caged that pert young linnet;
Old Birch perhaps is boxing
My Gus's ears this minute.

Yet, though your young ears be as
Red as mamma's geraniums,
Yet grieve not! Thus ideas
Pass into infant craniums.
Use not complaints unseemly;
Though you must work like bricks;

And it *is* cold, extremely,
Rising at half-past six.

Soon sunnier will the day grow,
And the east wind not blow so;
Soon, as of yore, L'Allegro
Succeed Il Penseroso;
Stick to your Magnall's Questions
And Long Division sums,
And come — with good digestions —
Home when next Christmas comes.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

JANUARY.

THEN came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon a huge great earth-pot stone he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the
Roman flood.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Faerie Queene.

JANUARY.

O DARK and cold ! O dead and drear !
O bitter end of weary strife !
Art thou indeed the glad New Year,
Thou stillborn mockery of life ?

And art thou then the final fate,
The end for which our years were born,
So white, so still, so desolate,
A night that never leads to morn ?

It is not peace, this frozen calm,
And yet it is surcease of pain,
Nepenthe is the surest balm,
For wounds so healed, bleed not again.

Yes, we will love thee, month of death,
Yes, we will call thee glad New Year.
Freeze with thy kiss my weary breath,
See, I am thine, I know no fear.

MRS. JANE [GOODWIN] AUSTIN.

A WINTER WALK.

WE never had believed, I wis,
At primrose time when west winds stole
Like thoughts of youth across the soul,
In such an altered time as this,

When if one little flower did peep
Up through the brown and sullen grass,
We should just look on it and pass
As if we saw it in our sleep.

Feeling as sure as that this ray
Which cottage children call the sun,
Colors the pale clouds one by one, —
Our touch would make it drop to clay.

We never could have looked, in prime
Of April, or when July trees
Shook full-leaved in the evening breeze,
Upon the face of this pale time,

Still, soft, familiar; shining bleak
On naked branches, sodden ground,
Yet shining — as if one had found
A smile upon a dead friend's cheek,

Or old friend, lost for years, had strange
In altered mien come sudden back,
Confronting us with our great lack —
Till loss seemed far less sad than strange.

Yet though, alas! Hope did not see
This winter skeleton through full leaves,
Out of all bareness Faith perceives
Possible life in field and tree.

In bough and trunk the sap will move,
And the mould break o'er springing flowers ;
Nature revives with all her powers,
But only nature, — never love.

So, listlessly with linkèd hands
Both Faith and Hope glide soft away ;
While in long shadows, cool and gray,
The sun sets o'er the barren lands.

MRS. DINAH MARIA [MULOCK] CRAIK.

SNOW AND SUN.

FAST falls the snow, O lady mine !
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine ;
But, by the gods, we won't repine,
While we're together ;
We'll chat, and rhyme, and kiss, and dine,
Defying weather.

So stir the fire, and pour the wine !
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love-madness into mine !
I don't care whether
'Tis snow, or sun, or rain, or shine,
If we're together.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A WINTER PIECE.

*Sous le voile que vous protége,
Défiant les regards jaloux,
Si vous sortez par cette neige,
Redoutez vos pieds andalous.*

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

BENEATH the heavy veil you wear,
Shielded from jealous eyes you go;
But of your pretty feet have care
If you should venture through the snow.

Howe'er you tread, a dainty mould
Betrays that light foot all the same;
Upon this glistening, snowy fold
At every step it signs your name.

Thus guided, one might come too close
Upon the slyly-hidden nest
Where Psyche, with her cheek's cold rose,
On Love's warm bosom lies at rest.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

SNOW.

WRAPPED in a dead, deep silence lie the moors,
Beneath their shroud of white. Unbroken calm
Reigns o'er the wide expanse, whose deadness seems
The very grave of life!

The leaden sky
Teems with its snowy burden; 'mid the furze,
With this fair, pure, white penthouse overhead,

Crouch the packed moor-fowl and the shivering hare,
In that instinctive fellowship which comes
Of common hardship, — each intent to find
Some scanty fragment for a needful meal.

Here with knit brows, courageously, along
The scarce-distinguished path, the shepherd plods,
Now glancing upwards at the threatening sky,
Now scanning, for some wandering from his flock,
The landscape round ; and ever and anon,
To keep his spirits up, he whistles loud
Some tune discordant, as he picks his way.

And see ! Upon the sombre forest lands,
The tall, gaunt trees stand forth like sentinels
Around a slumbering camp ; their meagre arms,
Swayed by the wind, the gathered snowflakes shower
In powdery softness down.

The lowlands lie
Hidden beneath their snow-dress ; scarce a fox
Or rabbit is astir ; the famished birds
Nestle within the ivy that enshrouds
The farmhouse walls ; the cattle all are stalled
Warm in the byre ; and in the straw-yard crowd
Together the plow-horses.

Snow, snow, snow,
On moor and wold, on woodland and in glade,
On city roof, on country cottage thatch,
Winter's regalia, crisp, bright, sparkling snow !

A. H. B.

Chambers' Journal.

THE HOLLY.

'Tis a brave tree. While round its boughs in vain
The warring wind of January bites and girds,
It holds the clusters of its crimson grain,
A winter pasture for the shivering birds.
Oh patient holly, that the children love,
No need for thee of smooth blue skies above :
Oh green strong holly, shine amid the frost ;
Thou dost not lose one leaf for sunshine lost.

MRS. AUGUSTA [DAVIES] WEBSTER.

TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will ;
For thy song with summer's filled ;
Filled with sunshine ; filled with June ;
Firelight echo of that, noon
Hears in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May ;
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees and birds and flowers away ;
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

THE ARCTIC VISITATION.

SOME air-born genius, with malignant mouth,
Breathed on the cold clouds of an Arctic zone,
Which o'er long wastes of shore and ocean blown
Swept threatening, vast, toward the amazed South.

Over the land's fair form at first there stole
A vanward host of vapors, wild and white ;
Then loomed the main cloud cohorts, massed in
 might,
Till earth lay corpse-like, reft of life and soul ;

Death-wan she lay, 'neath heavens as cold and
 pale ;
All nature drooped toward darkness and despair ;
The dreary woodlands, and the ominous air
Were strangely haunted by a voice of wail.

The woeful sky slow, passionate tears did weep,
Each shivering raindrop frozen ere it fell ;
The woodman's axe rang like a muffled knell ;
Faintly the echoes answered, fraught with sleep.

.

The dawn seemed eve ; noon, dawn eclipsed of
 grace ;
The evening, night ; and tender night became
A formless void, through which no starry flame
Touched the veiled splendor of her sorrowful face.

Like mourning nuns, sad-robed, funereal, bowed,
Day followed day; the birds their quavering
notes
Piped here and there from feeble, querulous
throats.
Fierce cold beneath, — above, one riftless cloud

Wrapped the mute world — for now all winds had
died —
And, locked in ice, the fettered forests gave
No sign of life; as silent as the grave
Gloomed the dim, desolate landscape far and wide.

Gazing on these, from out the mist one day
I saw, a shadow on the shadowy sky,
What seemed a phantom bird, that faltering nigh,
Perched by the roof-tree on a withered spray;

With drooping breast he stood, and drooping head;
This fateful time had wrought the minstrel wrong;
Even as I gazed, our southland lord of song
Dropped through the blasted branches, blasted,
breathless, dead!

Yet chillier grew the gray, world-haunting shade,
Through which, methought, quick, tremulous
wings were heard;
Was it the ghost of that heart-broken bird
Bound for a land where sunlight cannot fade?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE WINTER STORM.

VIEW now the winter storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud:

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising, — all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment in its station dwells :
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray ;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight go forth.

In shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;

Oft in the rough, opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak, complain-
ing cry ;

Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign ; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind.

.
From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows.

GEORGE CRABBE.
The Borough.

THE SNOW STORM.

WINDS from the north do blow ;
See whirl and dance of snow ;
Now driving, leaping down,
And whitening farm and town,
And from the leaden clouds which crowd the sky,
Hiding familiar things from foot and eye.

The paths are lost and gone ;
The streets have no one on
Their hidden, soundless stone,
Where piles of flakes are blown
From fields of gray, where move the viewless stars,
And smokeless battle leaves no telling scars.

Still come the flakes of white,
 Like blossoms pure and light,
 From heaven's great orchard trees,
 Which feed no humming bees,
 Borne by the wind which shook them from their hold
 Down on the hills, where flocks all seek their fold.

All through the silent woods,
 The trees with powdered hoods,
 And foreheads calm and fair,
 Are bowed like saints at prayer;
 While leaning down are faded goldenrods,
 With weight of spotless ermine from the gods.

.
 Night comes without a moon
 To light the sky of gloom:
 The rushing storm sweeps past
 On wild and reinless blast,
 And shakes the window and the massive door,
 And leaves the wind-swept world a whitened floor.

.
 J. HAZARD HARTZELL.

IN WINTER.

THE keener tempests come; and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend, — in whose capacious womb
 A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Through the hushed air the whitening shower de-
 scends,

At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
 The works of man.

.
 The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict, for from the bellowing east
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains

At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms : till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

JAMES THOMSON.
The Seasons.

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

(WINTER SUNSET.)

BLOOD-RED a sudden splendor fills
The mountains ; and the ice-peaks, hit
With the fierce glory, flare and split,
And headlong through the craggy hills
Flash down, in splintering atom-rills.

Flash down ; or, melting, in a flood,
Leap into the low vale, while higher
The fierce sun sets the hills on fire :
And down below, the cold white wood
Seems leafed with burning leaves of blood.

The hot hill-snows in vapor rise
Beneath the brazen, blazing sun :
And all the valleys, one by one,
Roll up an incense to the skies,
The steam of nature's sacrifice.

Blood-red in scarlet-shafted spheres
The huge sun stands : the red ribbed beams
Glow round him : some huge being he seems
Returning, bleeding, from his wars,
Pierced with a thousand fiery spears.

Back reels the simple shepherd, awed :
He fears to mark, in flaming light,
The huge sun, on the lone hill-height,
Where never human foot hath trod,
Stand like the awful form of God.

He fears : he lifts his horn on high,
And, "Praise the Lord," in worship, blows :
And, "Praise the Lord," across the snows,
And white peaks lit with the red sky,
A hundred lifted horns reply.

With the loud voice the woods are stirred,
And the low vale, responsive, thrills :
And all the everlasting hills,
From chasm to chasm, with one accord,
Shout to each other, "Praise the Lord."

On, on, the bugled echoes fly :
From vale to echoing mountain, on :
Till now, from lands beside the sun,
Far lands of light, dim sounds reply,
Like angels answering from the sky.

Again, all peace : white snows alone
Steaming, in purple splendor thawed :
Like some white martyr slain for God,
With smoke of stakes about him blown,
Burning to death without one moan.

And, now, behind the lone hill-height,
The sun drops ; and the fierce red beams
Soften to faint and golden gleams,
And silver-shimmering shades of night,
Rose-flushed with lingering hues of light.

From skies, where late the huge sun made
Fierce lights, soft dews descend, and stray
On each bowed head ; as who should say,
“ Thy God, in awful form arrayed,
Is God of love : be not afraid.”

Far up, on one lone peak, a gleam
In soft dim splendor still abides,
And clings about its cold wet sides ;
And, down below, the dumb deep stream,
And wood, in deep dumb shadows dream.

Mist-hued, the mellow glory lies
Behind the silver veil of night,
And melts in dewy-dying light :
And softly, through the deepening skies,
Looks, like the soul through dying eyes.

The sunset splendors all have died,
But one last ray still gilds the air :
I see one shepherd still in prayer :
I cross the dumb stream's darkened tide,
And kneel, O shepherd, at thy side,

And bless that last soft ray with thee,
Which now, far off in Irish night,
Fill two blue eyes at home with light,
Which heavenward gaze, in prayer, for me,
Alone in distant Chamouni.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DRAG ON, LONG NIGHT OF WINTER.

DRAG on, long night of winter, in whose heart,
Nurse of regret, the dead spring yet has part!
Drag on, O night of dreams! O night of fears!
Fed by the summers of the bygone years!

WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise.

WILD WINDS WHISTLE.

1.

SIR ULRIC a Southern dame has wed ;
Wild winds whistle and snow is come ;
He has brought her home to his bower and bed.
Hither and thither the birds fly home.

Her hair is darker than thick of night ;
Wild winds whistle and snow is come ;
Her hands are fair, and her step is light.
Hither and thither the birds fly home.

From out his castel in the North
Sir Ulric to hunt rode lightly forth.

Three things he left her for good or ill, —
A bonny bird that should sing at will,

With carol sweeter than silver bell,
Day and night in the old castel ;

A lithe little page to gather flowers ;
And a crystal dial to mark the hours.

2.

Lady Margaret watched Sir Ulric speed
Away to the chase with his faithful steed.

From morning till night, the first day long,
She sat and listened the bonny bird's song.

The second day long, with fingers fair,
She curled and combed her page's hair.

The third day's sun rose up on high;
By the dial she was seated nigh:

She loathed the bird and the page's face,
And counted the shadow's creeping pace.

3.

The strange knight drew his bridle-rein;
He looked at the sky and he looked at the plain.

"O lady!" he said, "'Twas a sin and shame
To leave for the chase so fair a dame.

"O lady!" he said, "we two will flee
To the blithesome land of *Italie*;

"There the orange grows, and the fruitful vine,
And a bower of myrtle shall be thine."

He has taken her hand and kissed her mouth:
Now Ho! sing Ho! for the sunny South.

He has kissed her mouth and clasped her waist:
Now, good gray steed, make haste, make haste!

4.

Sir *Ulric* back from the chase has come,
And sounds the horn at his *castel-home*.

Or ever he drew his bridle-rein,
He saw the dial split in twain ;

The bonny blithe bird was stark and dead,
And the lithe little page hung down his head.

The lithe little page hung down his head ;
Wild winds whistle and snow is come ;
"O where, Sir Page, has my lady fled ?"
Hither and thither the birds fly home.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

Loud-voiced night, with the wild wind blowing
Many a tune ;
Stormy night, with white rain-clouds going
Over the moon ;
Mystic night, that each minute changes,
Now as blue as the mountain-ranges
Far, far away ;
Now as black as a heart where strange is
Joy, night or day.

Wondrous moonlight, unlike all moonlights
Since I was born ;
That on a hundred, bright as noonlights,
Looks in slow scorn, —
Moonlights where the old vine-leaves quiver,
Moonlights shining on vale and river,

Where old paths lie ;
Moonlights, — Night, blot their like forever
Out of the sky !

Hail, new moonlight, fierce, wild, and stormy,
Wintry and bold !
Hail, sharp wind, that can strengthen, warm me,
Though ne'er so cold !
Not chance-driven this deluge rages,
One doth pour out and One assuages ;
Under His hand
Drifting, Noah-like, into the ages
I shall touch land.

MRS. DINAH MARIA [MULOCK] CRAIK.

PROUD WINTER COMETH.

PROUD Winter cometh like a warrior bold !
His icy lances flashing in the light,
His shield the night, starred bright with glittering
gold,
His mail the silver frost-work, dazzling, bright !
He turns his stern face to the north, and waits
To hear his wind-steeds burst from heaven's gates.

He bringeth at his side the darkening storm,
He sifts white beauty down to deck the plain.
The bleak, dark forest shivers to keep warm,
The brooks are bound with links of crystal chain,

The sheep bleat sadly by the pasture bars ;
The night sighs in the darkness for her stars.

Yet many another mien, proud king of snow,
Hast thou when on the earth thine advent falls !
For I have seen thy pale face all aglow
With light as fair as floods the sunset halls !
And I have seen thee, like a gentle child,
Play softly on the hills, with laughter mild.

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

.
Hark ! his trumpet summons rings,
Potent as a warrior-king's ;
Till the forces of our blood
Rise to lusty hardihood,
And our summer's languid dreams
Melt, like foam-wreaths, down the streams,
When the fierce northeasters roll,
Raving from the frozen pole.

Nobler hopes and keener life,
Quickened in his breath of strife ;
Through the snowstorms and the sleet
On he stalks with armed feet,
While the sounding clash of hail
Clanging on his icy mail,

Stirs whate'er of generous might
Time hath left us in his flight,
And our yearning pulses thrill
For some grand achievement still !

Lord of ice-bound sea and land,
Let me grasp thy kingly hand,
And from thy great heart and bold,
Hecla-warm, though all is cold
Round about thee, catch the fire
Of my lost youth's brave desire ;
Let me, in the war with wrong,
Like thy storms be swift and strong,
Gloomy griefs, and coward cares
Broods of 'wildering, dark despairs,
Making all life's glory dim,
Let me rend them, limb from limb,
As the forest-boughs are rent
When thou wak'st the firmament,
And with savage shriek and groan,
All the wildwood's overthrown !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A TWILIGHT FANCY.

I sit here and the earth is wrapped in snow,
And the cold air is thick with falling night :
I think of the still, dewy summer eves,
When cows come slowly sauntering up the lane,

Waiting to nibble at the juicy grass ;
When the green earth was full of changing life,
When the warm wind blew soft, and slowly passed,
Caressing now and then some wayside flower,
Stopping to stir the tender maple-leaves,
And breathing all its fragrance on the air !
I think of the broad meadows, daisy-white,
With the long shade of some stray apple-tree
Falling across them, — and the rustlings faint
When evening breezes shook along the grass.
I think of all the thousand summer sounds, —
The cricket's chirp, repeated far and near ;
The sleepy note of robins in their nest ;
The whippoorwill, whose sudden cry rang out,
Plaintive, yet strong, upon the startled air.
And so it was the summer twilight fell,
And deepened to the darkness of the night :
And now I lift my heart out of my dream
And see instead the pale, cold, dying lights,
The dull grey skies, the barren, snow-clad fields,
That come to us when winter evenings come.

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE WINTRY ALPHABET.

UPON a sunbaked southern plain,
And through old jungles ever blooming,
What shapes would human hands retain
On even surface to explain
The thoughts that in the mind were looming ?

Nor plain was marked, nor mount, nor wood ;
 These looked unchanged the heavens under,
But bulls that charged and huts that stood
And deer on hill and fish in flood, —
 They roused man's wish and wonder.

And so, their figures daubed on bark,
 On hides, on mud bricks, found his data,
And through the æons we call dark
He fanned with hieroglyphs the spark
 Of learning to an alphabeta.

Not so the Northman. Half his year
 He mused on one of Nature's pages,
And watched, untouched his bow and spear,
Through the wide gleaming snows uprear
 Their heads these letters, dumb for ages.

On yonder sloping crest of hill
 Behold the bare elms, oaks and birches :
Each tree's a letter cut with skill,
Sharp-edged, a text for good or ill,
 A script not hid when wisdom searches.

The tree trunks, how they leap from snow !
 Each several crown, what free resplendence !
Some day like this a bard aglow
With nervous forethought notched them slow
 To runes, — and awed his rude descendants.

CHARLES DE KAY.

PEACE.

KEEN gleams the wind, and all the ground
 Is bare and chapped with bitter cold.
 The ruts are iron ; fish are found
 Encased in ice as in a mold ;
 The frozen hilltops ache with pain
 And shudders tremble down each shy
 Deep rootlet burrowing in the plain ; —
 Now mark the sky.

Softly she pulls a downy veil
 Before her clear Medusa face ;
 This, falling slow, abroad doth trail
 Across the wold a feathery trace,
 Whereunder soon the moaning earth
 Aslumber stretches dreamily,
 Forgot both pain and summer's mirth,
 Soothed by the sky.
 CHARLES DE KAY.

FIRST OF ALL THE SPHERÈD SIGNS.

. . . FIRST of all the spherèd signs whereby
 Love severs light from darkness, and most high
 In the white front of January there glows
 The rose-red sign of Helen like a rose.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,
Tristram and Iseult.

TO A THRUSH SINGING IN JANUARY.

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year.
For in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone,
(They stayed but half a day)
The berries bright hang lingering on ;
Yet thou hast learned thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brushed thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

.....
That sunny, morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive ;
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King?
He sworn with us to be?
The birds that chant before the spring,
Are truer far than we.

JOHN KEBLE.

SORROW IN WINTER.

THE dreary morning of my woe
Has slowly crept to light again:
Cold winter day, arrayed in snow,
And stripped of flowers and waving grain!

The land is dumb and stiff and grim,
And wrinkled o'er with frosty rifts;
Through heaven the hurrying vapors skim,
On earth the hissing snow storm drifts.

The naked branches of the wood
Are shivering in the ashen light;
A seal is laid upon the flood;
The evergreens are piled with white.

No cattle browse, no small bird sings,
No motion breaks the dismal sleep,
Save where yon roaring torrent flings
Its icy burdens down the steep.

Love knows no season: forth I go,
Upon my holy mission bent,

And on thy grave the fair white snow
 Seems nature's cloth of sacrament.

I kneel, and with me kneels the dead ;
 The bread is broken, the wine is poured ;
 We eat and drink with Him who bled
 To join our souls, with Christ our Lord.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.
The Book of the Dead.

JANUARY.

How like a human birth the waking hour
 Of the child-year ! The weak and querulous gale
 'Mid tears of rain doth lift a kindred wail :
 Blankly the sun's eye stares : the air doth lower
 Dense as a listless ear. Beneath a shower
 Of snow fresh-fallen, those branches white and
 frail

As new-born limbs lie prone, with only power
 Given to endure, what wind soe'er prevail.
 The baby lips that pout their hungering
 Do not more wistfully the nurse invite
 Than every spiral leaf-bud yearns for spring :
 And as the young blue eyes wax deep and bright
 While the soul greatens, so the growing light
 Widens by morn and eve its azure ring.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.
An English Year.

A WINTER NIGHT.

THE winter wind is raving fierce and shrill
And chides with angry moan the frosty skies,
The white stars gaze with sleepless Gorgon eyes
That freeze the earth in terror fixed and still.
We reck not of the wild night's gloom and chill,
Housed from its rage, dear friend ; and fancy flies,
Lured by the hand of beckoning memories,
Back to those summer evenings on the hill
Where we together watched the sun go down
Beyond the gold-washed uplands, while his fires
Touched into glittering life the vanes and spires
Piercing the purpling mists that veiled the town.
The wintry night thy voice and eyes beguile,
Till wake the sleeping summers in thy smile.

JOHN HAY.

A WINTER HOPE.

O WINTER, thou art warm at heart ;
Thine every pulse doth throb and glow,
And thou dost feel life's joy and smart,
Beneath the blinding snow.

Thine is the scent of bursting bud,
Of April shower and violet ;
Thou feelest spring in all thy blood
Yearn up like sweet regret.

.
O sweet and rare thy visions are, —
The flashing scythe, the new-mown hay,
The reaper's dance beneath the star,
The splendor of the day,

The shining grass, the peaceful stream,
The purple beauty of the hill, —
No frost can blight thy blessed dream,
Thy heart no wind can chill.

And I, — ah me ! I too above
The winter of my sharp distress,
May catch the vision of summer love,
And outstretched hands that bless.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

MEETING IN WINTER.

WINTER in the world it is
Round about the unhopèd kiss
Whose dream I long have sorrowed o'er,
Round about the longing sore,
That the touch of thee shall turn
Into joy too deep to burn.

Round thine eyes and round thy mouth
Pass no murmurs of the south,

When my lips a little while
Leave thy quivering tender smile,
As we twain, hand holding hand,
Once again together stand.

Sweet is that, as all is sweet ;
For the white drift thou shalt meet,
Kind and cold-cheeked and mine own,
Wrapped about with deep-furred gown
In the broad-wheeled chariot ;
Then the north shall spare us not ;
The wide-reaching waste of snow
Wilder, lonelier yet shall grow
As the reddening sun falls down ;

But the wardens of the town
When they flash the torches out
O'er the snow amid their doubt,
And their eyes at last behold
Thy red-litten hair of gold,
Shall they open, or in fear
Cry, "Alas ! what cometh here ?
Whence hath come this Heavenly One
To tell of all the world undone ?"

They shall open, we shall see
The long street litten scantily
By the long stream of light before
The guest-hall's half-opened door ;
And our horses' bells shall cease
As we reach the place of peace.

Thou shalt tremble, as at last
 The worn threshold is o'erpast,
 And the firelight blindeth thee,
 Trembling thou shalt cling to me,
 As the sleepy merchants stare
 At thy cold hands slim and fair,
 Thy soft eyes and happy lips,
 Worth all lading of their ships.

.

When the fire is sunk alow
 And the hall made empty now,
 Growing solemn, dim and vast!
 O my love, the night shall last
 Longer than men tell thereof
 Laden with our lonely love.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

JANUARY.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
 The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitly
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

A WINTER SONG.

CAME the dread Archer up yonder lawn —
 (*Night is the time for the old to die*) —
But woe for an arrow that smote the fawn,
 When the hind that was sick unscathed went by.

Father lay moaning, "Her fault was sore
 (*Night is the time when the old must die*),
Yet, ah to bless her, my child, once more,
 For heart is failing: the end is nigh."

"Daughter, my daughter, my girl," I cried,
 (*Night is the time for the old to die*),
"Woe for the wish if till morn ye bide," —
 Dark was the welkin and wild the sky.

Heavily plunged from the roof the snow, —
 (*Night is the time when the old will die*),
She answered, "My mother, 'tis well, I go."
 Sparkled the north star, the wrack flew high.

First at his head, and last at his feet
 (*Night is the time when the old should die*),
Kneeling I watched till his soul did fleet,
 None else that loved him, none else were nigh.

I wept in the night as the desolate weep,
 (*Night is the time for the old to die*),
Cometh my daughter? the drifts are deep,
 Across the cold hollows how white they lie.

I sought her afar through the spectral trees,
 (*Night is the time when the old must die*),
The fells were all muffled, the floods did freeze,
 And a wrathful moon hung red in the sky.

By night I found her where pent waves steal,
 (*Night is the time when the old should die*),
But she lay stiff by the locked mill-wheel,
 And the old stars lived in their homes on high.
JEAN INGELOW.

AURORA BOREALIS.

A HAND as icy as the hand of death
 Rests on the hills inviolably white ;
And while a brazen bell invokes the night
With deep reverberant voice that clearly saith,
“I mark each hour that swiftly hasteneth,”
 Behold within the north a crimson light
 That reaches to the heavens' farthest height,
As fiery as the fabled war-god's breath.
'Tis grim old Thor, who, in the halcyon days
 Of seasons gone, his searing bolts let fly
 Until no shaft was left wherewith to slay ;
Now in his polar furnace's fiercest blaze
 He forges darts with which to terrify
 When summer treads again her sunlit way !
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are
strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

IN THE NIGHTS OF WINTER.

. . . In the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Horatius.

SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

I WALKED beside a dark gray sea,
And said, "O world, how cold thou art !
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"Yon rising wave licks off the snow,
Winds on the crag each other chase,
In little powdery whirls they blow
The misty fragments down its face.

“The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter sits cowering on the wold,
And I beside this watery brim,
Am also lonely, also cold.”

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,
Where many mews made twittering sweet ;
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
Ran up and washed it while they fed ;
Their fond and foolish ecstasy
A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy companied with every cry,
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play !
What idlesse graced the twittering things ;
Luxurious paddlings in the spray,
And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
The lovely crowd flew out to sea ;
If mine own life had been recast,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

“Where is the cold? Yon clouded skies
Have only dropt their curtains low
To shade the old mother where she lies
Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow.

“The cold is not in crag, nor scar,
Not in the snows that lap the lea,
Not in yon wings that beat afar,
Delighting, on the crested sea;

“No, nor in yon exultant wind
That shakes the oak and bends the pine.
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find
No sense of cold, fond fool, but thine!”

With that I felt the gloom depart,
And thoughts within me did unfold,
Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart, —
I walked in joy, and was not cold.

JEAN INGELow.

WINTER NIGHT.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NICHOLAS LENAÜ.)

BENUMBED with cold the windless air;
Beneath my footsteps cracks the snow;
My breath smokes through my beard's crisp hair;
But onward, onward still I go.

How solemnly the fields are hushed !

The moonlight tips the ancient pines,
Which yearn for death ; while, downward crushed,
Back unto earth the bough inclines.

Frost, freeze my very heart's core fast,

Where hot fierce passions burn and blight,
That rest may enter there at last,
As in these tranquil fields of night.

EMMA LAZARUS.

WINTER.

I.

BLUE-GREEN firs waver in a water wan
Save where red boles and robes unmoved and dim
Show the keen wizard Frost prevails upon
Even rivers ; a low clink bewrays a slim
Bird who hath lighted on the marge to drink.
Aerial webs invisible, that link
Sere russet fern with glumes of yellow grass,
And green fir-needles are palpable star-chains
Of fairy jewels ; from furze points they pass ;
Every dark green lance of broom sustains
Like burden ; all are fledged with crystal soft,
Mist frozen in plumelets ; many a taper tuft
Adorns the wine-stained bramble, and the blade,
And bronzy twigs of trees bereft of shade.

II.

Brakes white with frost, and orange reeds are fair,
Beneath yon sombre masses of cold firs,
Stream-mirrored, while a silver birch's hair
Hangs, like dark smoke, athwart the leaden air.
Winter upon small marish pools confers,
As on our panes, with palms and wreaths of hers
A delicate starflower beauty, rivaling
All fragile water-petals of sweet spring :
Sprinkles wine-dark ferruginous fens and ling,
Desolate lowlands where the bittern booms.
And now at nightfall, from where forest looms,
A dragon trail wails 'thwart the solitude
Flame-breathing, with a long self-luminous brood,
And livid long low steam among grey glooms.

III.

Snow falls — hath fallen — all the land is white.
Pure snow clings frozen to labyrinths of trees :
They in a narrow lane aloft unite ;
Winter hath clothed with a pure foliage these,
Pitying them, bereft of spring's delight.
How fairylike their veiled pale silences !
Feathery shadows a grey mist informing
With beauty as frail corallines dim sea.
Some alien planet our earth seems to be !
Earth lies fair in her shroud and slumbereth ;
So fair the pure white silence of dim death !
Lo ! the sun's fleeting phantom faintly warming

Mists into heaven's blue, while they flush and flee :
Budding birchsprays hang laughing jewelry
Of opal ice athwart the lift that clears ;
Clinking it falls, or melts in jubilant tears.

IV.

Gaily snow flounces earthward in the sun,
Or frozen glisters with an icy edge
To windward of the elmbole ; birds in dun
Plumage, fair-formed elves, whistle in the hedge,
Scatter its ermine mantle ; as they run,
Dint earth's blithe stainless carpet ; shake the foam
Splashed upon all green brambles, and red-fruited
Hollies, or thorns, or briars, where they roam ;
Our ever sweet-songed robin richly-suited,
And birds reserving for a leafier home
And lovelier lands the voice wherein love luted,
Erewhile in yon dead summer : shadows blue
Nestle where beast or man hath trodden deep
In crisp starred snow ; fur mantles fair endue
Thatched roof, wain, barn and byre, and slowly creep
To a fringe of diamond icicle : the waters are asleep.
No skaters whirr and whirl, as erst upon the imprisoned grey
Smooth water : no chubby children slide and shout
and play.
Pile the illumining logs within, and let them crackle
gay !
Bright holly and green mistletoe cheering our
hearths we keep :

Warm glint the polished chairs and glasses, while
yule fires glow deep.

But when dear babes lie dreaming, with a halo near
the moon,

And at their nursery doors are set small fairy appeal-
ing shoon,

There will float a voice of mystic bells over earth's
pale swound,

And sweet sad fays of memory to haunt us in their
sound!

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL.

JANUARY.

FROM this dull rainy undersky and low,
This murky ending of a leaden day,
That never knew the sun, this half-thawed snow,
These tossing black boughs faint against the gray
Of gathering night, thou turnest, dear, away
Silent but with thy scarce-seen kindly smile
Sent through the dusk my longing to beguile.

There, the lights gleam, and all is dark without!
And in the sudden change our eyes meet dazed, —
O look, love, look again! the veil of doubt
Just for one flash, past counting, then was raised!
O eyes of heaven, as clear thy sweet soul blazed
On mine a moment! O come back again
Strange rest and dear amid the long dull pain!

Nay, nay, gone by ! though there she sitteth still,
With wide gray eyes so frank and fathomless, —
Be patient, heart, thy days they yet shall fill
With utter rest — yea, now thy pain they bless,
And feed thy last hope of the world's redress —
O unseen hurrying rack ! O wailing wind
What rest and where go ye this night to find ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play ;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The musk-rat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
“ Bear up, O Mother Nature ! ” cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
“ Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee ! ”

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all His works
Has left His hope with all !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MIDWINTER.

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow ;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil ;
The far-off mountain's misty form
Is entering now a tent of storm ;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree ;
The snow sails round him, as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall ;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow storm spreads its ivory woof ;
It paves with pearl the garden walk ;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow ;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows : the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost ;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood ;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,

And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold ;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree :
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird ;
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and white
As snowflakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

MIDWINTER IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

It was a winter's night.
The little stars peeped out to look about,
Then hid their eyes, it was so bright.

So white, and clear, and still ;
The fairy globes they hung, the trees among ;
The little stars could gaze their fill.

And all beneath, in shine
Of softest radiance, a merry dance
Kept time to old clock striking nine.

With graceful sweep, and gay,
Gently pirouetting, no bird on wing
Was ever half so swift as they.

Glancing o'er frozen lake
Like small steel Mercuries they lightly whiz,
Cutting the icy path they take.

Oh! buds of happy spring
Blooming within this garden, find it hard
To slowly perish, withering;

To leave the enchanted spot
For Autumn's drear decay to have its way
On scroll, and mound, and garden plot.

Content ye! all things tend
As seasons fluctuate, to those who wait,
Unto a happier, sweeter end.

The garden blooms no more
'Tis true; yet Nature glows like heart of rose,
Opening anew her blushing store.

A garden sweet of girls
Light-footed, dainty-faced, has Winter graced
(Mid ice, and sleet, and mad snow whirls)

Herself with, till a flush
Of Springtime dawn is holding bloom untold
Of lily and the wild-rose blush,

To fling with lavish hand
On each beholder, drawn to view the morn
Of life in this sweet, girlish band.

Oh! sweet are childhood's grace
And budding womanhood; so rare and good
Are loving heart and lovely face.

Dear bud and blooming flower!
May summertide and cold blast but unfold
Thee both with blessing every hour.

MRS. HARRIET MULFORD [STONE] LOTHROP.

FROST-WORK.

THESE winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again, —
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings. — By and by,
Walking my leafy garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE PROPHECY.

THOSE who have looked upon the dead have seen
A faint prophetic glory in the face,
As if a light were breaking, warm, serene,
Upon their vision in some unknown place.

So now upon the ashen clouds there came
A delicate suffusion, deepening slow,
Till through a silver rift a tender flame
Poured a pale radiance on the crusted snow.

And far o'er many a bleak and haggard mile
Of drifted glen and desolate white plain
The splendor hovered, like a tranquil smile
On wan lips rigid with their last cold pain.

It was a revelation : the keen air
Seemed misted with a rain of luminous gold,
And in the hazel copse and hedge-rows bare
I looked to see the first green buds unfold.

And suddenly the mute midwinter gloom
Seemed musical with insect-murmuring,
And phantom odors of the cherry-bloom
Woke in my heart the ecstasy of spring.

The glory passed ; again on field and hill
Relentless winter frowned in darkest mood,
And through the ice-bound valleys, rising shrill,
The wind wrung bitter moanings from the wood.

But I had caught the gracious prophecy
Of April hasting from her southern bowers,
And felt beneath the melancholy sky
The tender benediction of the flowers.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

HORATIAN ODE.

(MIDWINTER.)

HELVELLYN's height with snow is white,
The forest branches bow and splinter :
No ripple breaks the frozen lakes.
Then shut my door on cold and winter.

On my hearth-dogs pile up the logs,
Pile high, my boy, and down your throttle
Right freely pour my "thirty-four,"
And never spare the old man's bottle.

Leave all the rest to Him who best
Knows how to still the roar of ocean,
To calm the wind in wildest mind,
And hush the leaflet's lightest motion.

Fear not to stay upon the day,
And count for gain each simple pleasure .
Be not above the game of Love,
And featly tread the Christmas measure.

Let blood run cold when life grows old,
Stick now to skate and tennis-racket,
Till, westward ho, the sun-wheels go,
Then join the sports of frock and jacket.

When bright eyes smile, laugh back the while,
And find the nook where beauty lingers ;
Steal golden charm from rounded arm,
Half-given, half-held, by fairy fingers.

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE.

JUNE IN JANUARY.

I GLANCE through the curtain's fold,
Out in the chill-blue night,
On the orchard snugly rolled
In its coverlet of white.

I see no swaying nest
On the limb of any tree ;
Nor a leaf, as the wind from the west
Stirs the branches tremblingly.

O Sight's strange witchery !
I watch from my cosy room,
And see the moon sleep peacefully
On the apple-trees in bloom.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

WINTER MIDNIGHT.

SPEAK to us out of midnight's heart,
Thou who forever sleepless art !
The thoughts of Night are still and deep ;
She doth Thy holiest secrets keep.

The voices of the Day perplex ;
Her crossing lights mislead and vex :
We trust ourselves to find Thy way,
Or, proudly free, prefer to stray.

The Night brings dewfall, still and sweet ;
Soft shadows fold us to Thy feet ;
Thy whisper in the dark we hear :
"Soul, cling to Me ! none else is near."

Speak to us by white winter's breath,
Thou Life behind the mask of death,
That makest the snowfall eloquent
As summer's stir in earth's green tent !

Close unto Winter's quiet breast,
Summer, a sleeping babe, is pressed :
Till waking-time she safe will hold
His bloom and freshness manifold.

O Night and Winter ! cold and gloom !
O marble mystery of the tomb !
God's hieroglyphs to man are ye ;
Sealed visions of what yet shall be.

Better is blessedness concealed
From sight, than joy to sense revealed.
Thanks for this happy mortal breath !
Praise for the life wrapped up in death !

LUCY LARCOM.

IN WINTER.

STILL the hard frost griped all things bitterly,
And who of folk might now say when or why
The earth should change and spring come back
again.

— Spring clean forgotten, as amidst his pain
Some hapless lover's chance unmeaning kiss
Given unto lips that never shall be his
In time long passed, ere bitter knowledge came,
And cherished love was grown a wrong and shame.
— Yet 'mid the dead swoon of the earth, the days
'Gan lengthen now, and on the hard-beat ways
No more the snow drave down ; and, spite of all,
The goodman's thoughts must needs begin to fall
Upon the seed hid in the dying year,
And he must busy him about his gear ;
And in the city, at the high noon, when
The faint sun glimmered, sat the ancient men,
With young folk gathered round about once more,
Who heeded not the east wind's smothered roar,
Since unto most of them for mere delight
Were most things made, the dull days and the bright ;

And change was life to them, and death a tale
Little believed, that chiefly did avail
To quicken love and make a story sweet.

WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise.

MIDWINTER.

THE white hath overspread the brown,
Beneath the blue has crept the gray ;
The frozen air is drifting round
In eddies dashed with blinding spray.

Upon so wild a winter scene
But thou and I have chanced to meet.
What words were fit to pass between
A traveller rough and one so sweet ?

Poor dying songster, full of woes,
With stiffening pinions loosely furled,
That graspest with thy thorny toes
The wire that runs around the world !

Thou knowest not the grief and mirth
With which the iron thread is fraught,
As one may grasp, but miss the worth
Of some far-reaching line of thought.

Thou scannest not our human things,
Thine eyelids close upon the world,

The snow sifts downward through thy wings,
And upward to thy heart is whirled.

Beneath its inches cold and white
Thy mate lies frozen near the hedge,
And nevermore in tuneful flight
Shall cross the morning's crimson edge.

Recallest how, one dewy dawn,
Ere yet the sun had kissed thy throat,
The music from thy heart had gone
That won her shy, responsive note?

How fond ye whispered, breast to breast,
That day within the covert green,
Or sought the brook with mosses drest,
Your hot and dusty wings to preen.

Then, in the hush of coming night,
Thou led'st her to the fragrant bed
Of apple-blossoms, pink and white,
With canopy of green o'erhead.

All summer long how true thy zest
To note her flight o'er many a rood,
To build with her the secret nest,
To mourn with her the stolen brood.

Now, thou art dying; dead is thine.
In some bright clime are all thy kin.

Let thy true life pass into mine,
And make it what it hath not been.

Bequeath to me thy lover's heart,
And touch my spirit with thy fate,
That I from one may never part,
Nor even in death be separate.

JAMES LANE THOMPSON.

A WINTER SUNSET.

(RONDEL.)

LANDWARD the white-winged gulls are flying,
Skimming the dark waves as they go;
The evening's mellow flush is dying,
And gloomy night comes, soft and slow.

Lashed by the surges, blow on blow,
The storm-worn cliffs are sadly sighing;
Landward the white-winged gulls are flying,
Skimming the dark waves as they go.

Each blustering breeze his way is hieing
To kiss the sunset's golden glow;
This fades away, their suit denying,
While, as in flight from some dread foe,
Landward the white-winged gulls are flying,
Skimming the dark waves as they go.

ALANSON BIGELOW HOUGHTON.

MIDWINTER.

MIDWINTER comes to-morrow
My welcome guest to be ;
White-haired, wide-wingèd sorrow,
With Christmas gifts for me.
Thy angel, God ! — I thank Thee still,
Thy will be done, Thy better will !

I thank Thee, Lord ! the whiteness
Of winter on my heart
Shall keep some glint of brightness,
Though sun and stars depart.
Thou smilest on the snow ; Thy will
Is dread and drear, but lovely still.
WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

KING BOREAS.

(CHANT ROYAL.)

I sit enthroned 'mid icy wastes afar,
Beyond the level land of endless snow,
For months I see the brilliant polar star
Shine on a shore, the lonelier none may know.
Supreme I rule in monarchy of might, —
My realms are boundless as the realms of Night.
Proud court I hold, and tremblingly obey
My many minions from the isles of Day ;
And when my heralds sound aloud, behold

My slaves appear with suppliant heads alway !
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

I am the god of all the winds that are !
I blow where'er I list, — I come, I go.
Athwart the sky upon my cloud-capped car
I rein my steeds, swift-prancing to and fro.
The dreary woodlands shudder in affright
To hear my clarion on the mountain height.
The sobbing sea doth moan in pain, and pray,
“Is there no refuge from the storm-king's sway?”
I am as aged as the earth is old,
Yet strong am I although my locks are gray ; —
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

I loose my chains, and then with awful jar
And presage of disaster and dire woe,
Out rush the storms and sound the clash of war
'Gainst all the earth, and shrill their bugles blow.
I bid them haste ; they bound in eager flight
Toward far fair lands, where'er the sun's warm
light
Makes mirth and joyance ; there, in rude affray,
They trample down, despoil, and crush, and slay.
They turn green meadows to a desert wold,
And naught for rulers of the earth care they ; —
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

When in the sky, a lambent scimitar,
In early eve Endymion's bride doth glow,

When night is perfect, and no cloud doth mar
The peace of nature, when the river's flow
Is soft and musical, and when the sprite
Whispers to lovers on each breeze bedight
With fragrance, then I steal forth, as I may,
And seize upon whate'er I will for prey.
I see the billows high as hill-tops rolled,
And clutch and flaunt aloft the snowy spray!
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

I am in league with death. When I unbar
My triple-guarded doors, and there bestow
Upon my frost fiends freedom, bid them scar
The brightest dales with summer blooms a-row,
They breathe on every bower a deadly blight,
And all is sere and withered in their sight.
Unheeded now, Apollo's warming ray
Wakes not the flower, for my chill breezes play
Where once soft zephyrs swayed the marigold,
And where his jargon piped the noisy jay;—
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

ENVOY.

O Princes, hearken what my trumpets say!—
“Man's life is naught, no mortal lives for aye;
His might hath empire only of the mold.”
Boast not yourselves, ye fragile forms of clay!
I am great Boreas, King of wind and cold.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WINTER SUNRISE.

THEY miss this glorious sight
Who still upon the pillow rest their head,
That first long ray upslanting rosy red
From clouds of night :

Then, like a burnished shield,
The sun's broad disc mounts in the purple sky ;
While, white as virgin snow, the hoar-frosts lie
On street and field.

An allegory fair
Of life's undreamed of possibilities !
Yon burning orb above, yet still there lies
The hoar-frost there.

So do I spend my strength
In vain, it often seems ; and wearily
Still "Vanity of vanities !" I cry.
And yet, at length,

I know that sun will gain
Each day a mightier force, as onward speed
The days to summer. Sure therein I read
My lesson plain ;

That lesson, Persevere !
Press on ; and thou shalt make thy presence felt ;
Be strong ; and all the morning frosts shall melt
In noontide clear.

WINTER SUNSET.

HIS brief day's journey done,
Behind the distant hill's empurpled crest,
With blood-red track traced on the water's breast,
Slow sinks the sun.

The frosty diadem
Crowns every tree and whitens all the lawn,
Scattering, till melted by to-morrow's dawn,
Each glittering gem.

Upon each leafless branch
Hang tiny icicles. That bank of cloud,
Which to a crescent dwarfs yon orb so proud,
This night may blanch

The ground with pure white snow :
So on my head these silver streaks of age
The solemn sinking of life's sun presage
Ere long, I know ;

But know, the golden morn,
Behind the purple hills of shadow-land,
Waits but the waking of a magic hand
To be reborn.

Tinsley's Magazine, April, 1874.

SAINT AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapor goes ;
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;

All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide —
A light upon the shining sea —
The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EVE OF SAINT-AGNES.

SAINT AGNES' Eve, — ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he
saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,

Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

.
JOHN KEATS.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

(A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.)

IN January, when down the dairy
The cream and clabber freeze,
When snowdrifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team,
And bring the cutter out ;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And heap the furs about.

Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens,
And sleighs at least a score ;
There John and Molly, behind, are jolly, —
Nell rides with me, before.
All down the village street
We range us in a row :

Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
And over the crispy snow!

The windows glisten, the old folks listen
 To hear the sleigh-bells pass;
The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter,
 The road is smooth as glass.
Our muffled faces burn,
 The clear north wind blows cold,
The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,
 Each in her lover's hold.

Through bridge and gateway we're shooting straight-
 way,
 Their tollman was too slow!
He'll listen after our song and laughter
 As over the hill we go.
The girls cry, "Fie! for shame!"
 Their cheeks and lips are red,
And so with kisses, kisses, kisses,
 They take the toll instead.

Still follow, follow! across the hollow
 The tavern fronts the road.
Whoa, now! all steady! the host is ready,
 He knows the country mode!
The irons are in the fire,
 The hissing flip is got;
So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it,
 And sip it while 'tis hot.

Push back the tables, and from the stables
Bring Tom, the fiddler, in ;
All take your places, and make your graces,
And let the dance begin.
The girls are beating time
To hear the music sound ;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it,
And swing your partners round.

Last couple toward the left ! all forward !
Cotillions through, let's wheel :
First tune the fiddle, then down the middle
In old Virginia Reel.
Play Money Musk to close,
Then take the " long chassé,"
While in to supper, supper, supper,
The landlord leads the way.

The bells are ringing, the ostlers bringing
The cutters up anew ;
The beasts are neighing ; too long we're staying ;
The night is half-way through.
Wrap close the buffalo-robcs,
We're all aboard once more ;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Away from the tavern-door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly homeward glide.
What midnight splendor ! how warm and tender
The maiden by your side !

The sleighs drop far apart,
Her words are soft and low ;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
'Tis safe to tell her so.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Down from the hills divine the waters glide,
From the white snow-wreaths down the mountain
side,
And in the salt sea-foam their sweetness hide.

Day after day the steady cliffs and steep
Silently crumble like the shapes of sleep,
And on their broken basement dreams the deep.

The clouds come sailing from the windy West
Over the limitless blue ocean's breast,
But in the bitter East they find no rest.

Foam-flakes of snow across the fields are blown
Where, underneath, the sleeping grain is strown,
And on the wold the winds of winter moan.

I left the highland of my hopes for thee,
Downward I hurried full of love and glee,
But in thy bosom found the barren sea.

My heart that seemed so strong to bear the blows
Of chance and change, false friends and fated foes,
Melts downward daily wasting with fresh woes.

Weeping I bear the freight of holy tears,
And loving words, and hopes, and idle fears,
And whispered sighs to thy unheeding ears.

Now hath the winter of my life begun;
Thy blinding drifts are tossed against the sun,
And o'er my frozen soul thy whirlwinds run.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

*TO A STARVED HARE IN THE GARDEN IN
WINTER.*

SOFT-FOOTED stroller from the herbless wood,
Stealing so mutely through my garden ground,
I will not balk thine eager quest for food,
Nor take thy life, nor startle thee with sound.
I spared the wanton squirrel, though I saw
His autumn raid upon my nuts and cones;
I spared his frisky brush and bushy jaw;
And shall I wound the poor disheartened ones?
Come freely: in my heart thy charter lies;
Feed boldly, — what thou gain'st I cannot lose.
When robin shuffles on the snow-white sill,
We serve his winsome hunger; who would choose
To daunt his ruddy breast and wistful eyes?
But, hare or robin, it is hunger still.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.

LOVE IN WINTER.

BETWEEN the berried holly-bush
The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush :
“ Which way did bright-eyed Bella go ?
Look, Speckled-breast, across the snow, —
Are those her dainty tracks I see,
That wind toward the shrubbery ? ”

The Thristle pecked the berries still.
“ No need for looking, Yellow-bill ;
Young Frank was there an hour ago,
Half frozen, waiting in the snow ;
His callow beard was white with rime, —
Tchuck, — ’t is a merry pairing-time ! ”

“ What would you ? ” twittered in the Wren ;
“ These are the reckless ways of men.
I watched them bill and coo as though
They thought the sign of spring was snow ;
If men but timed their loves as we,
’T would save this inconsistency. ”

“ Nay, Gossip, ” chirped the Robin, “ nay ;
I like their unreflective way.
Besides, I heard enough to show
Their love is proof against the snow ; —
‘ Why wait, ’ he said, ‘ why wait for May,
When love can warm a winter’s day ? ’ ”

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

CALM AND COLD.

(JANUARY, 1867.)

BREAK into spray, and fly and fill the air
With ghostly mist that freezes ere it falls,
O struggling waves! whom not the wind appals,
Nor all the wrestling tempests overhear,
But secret fear, lest, pausing weary there,
Instead of peace, renewing whom it calls,
The subtle cold, that levels and enthralls,
Should creep and find and bind you unaware :
And what were worse than, smoothly calm and cold,
Wrapt in false peace, to fancy strife is o'er,
Forget the woes that all the winds deplore,
Forget the cares that all the clouds enfold,
Watch not nor wait for changes as of old,
And feel the movement of the world no more !

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

It chanced upon a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet Saint Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,

And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.

At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak ;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind :
"My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet ;
I fear we shall have winter yet."

A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What pairing means, thus pert replied :
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite, in the apple-tree,
By his good will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or, (which is likelier to befall,)
Till death exterminate us all.
I couple without more ado ;
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?"

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting, and sidling,
Attested glad his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.

Their sentiments so well expressed
Influenced mightily the rest ;
All paired, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,

The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain and snow;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled.
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WINTER.

SAD soul — dear heart, why, why repine?
The melancholy tale is plain —
The leaves of Spring, the Summer flowers,
Have bloomed and died again!

The sweet, the silver-sandaled dew,
Which like a maiden fed the flowers,
Hath waxed into the beldame frost,
And walked amid our bowers!

Some buds there were — sad hearts be still! —
Which looked awhile unto the sky,
Then breathed but once or twice to tell
How sweetest things may die!

And some must blast where many bloom;
But, blast or bloom, the fruit must fall!
Why sigh for Spring or Summer gems,
Since winter gathers all?

He gathers all, but chide him not, —
What though his breast and hands are cold,
He folds them close as best he can,
For he is blind and old.

O chide him not! hear how he groans,
While frozen tears begem his face;
Through fields and woods he stumbles on,
The last of all his race.

See how he totters down the road, —
And now he's at yon cabin door,
And he has summoned from the hearth
The widow old and poor.

He points her to the distant grove, —
He plucks her by the tattered gown;
And now he leads her through the woods,
And shakes the branches down.

See how he wanders up the hill
Before the morning is astir,
And stoops with trembling hands to wrap
The frozen traveller !

O chide him not, the poor old man !
He works some kindness in his rounds !
Nor leave him in the foulest nights
To kennel with the hounds !

But when he's standing at the gate,
Or at the portal makes a din,
Throw wood upon the crackling fire,
And let the old man in.

And seat him at the chimney side,
And let your looks with love abound ;
Then tell the tale and sing the song,
And let the nuts go round.

Then shall you see his frowns dispelled,
And pleasure smile where all was drear ;
And when his griefs are quite dissolved
The flowers again appear !

Sad soul — dear heart — why, why repine ?
The tale is beautiful and plain —
Surely as Winter taketh all,
The Spring shall bring again !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WINTER.

WHITE ermine now the mountains wear,
And shield with this their shoulders bare.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head
Of Ethiop doth white turban wear.

The floods are armed with silver shields,
Through which the sun's sword cannot fare ;

For he who once in mid heaven rode,
In golden arms, on golden chair,

Now through small corner of the sky
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.

To mutter 'twixt their teeth the streams,
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.

Hushed is the busy hum of life ;
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,
And from its forest depths the bear.

Where is the garden's beauty now ?
The thorn is here ; the rose, O where ?

The trees, like giant skeletons,
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare ;

Or stand like wrestlers stripped and bold,
And strongest winds to battle dare.

It seems a thing impossible
That earth its glories should repair ;

That ever this bleak world again
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear,

Or sounds of life again be heard
In this dull earth and vacant air.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

A WINTER SONG.

AH, would that it were summer, once more the summer-time,
When the bloom was on the roses and the bees were
in the thyme,
On the thyme-flower in the moorland, on the roses
in the vale,
And there the lark was singing, and here the night-
ingale.

Ah, the still and ancient garden where the nightin-
gale sang strong
Till the brief sweet night was ended and the morn-
ing hushed her song :

Then the earth put on queen's raiment, glad sounds
and lovely light,
And the wide heaven widened upward, and our
spirits climbed the height.

Then the great trees swayed their branches and
murmured each to each,
The chestnut to the cedar, and the lime-tree to the
beech ;
Ah, the beech's purple splendor and the fragrance
of the lime,
Glad gifts from thee, their giver, O golden summer-
time.

And yet with all these fair things there were fairer
things than these,
Bright-wingèd hopes that hovered among the mur-
muring trees ;
With beat of magic plumage their flying fanned the
air,
And their song divine was singing what our hearts
imagined there.

But now the trees moan leafless, the bleak day's
pallid eye
Gropes on in stealth ignoble o'er his little space of
sky,
The east wind whines and whistles, the air is chill
and wan,
And all the fragrance scattered and all the glory
gone.

Alas ! but were it summer, would summer bring
again
Those starry wings unearthly, those notes of heav-
enly strain ?
The flower of moor and garden shall blossom as
before,
But the flowers of our soul's summer are dead for-
evermore.

ERNEST MYERS.

THE THAW-WIND.

THROUGH the deep drifts the south wind breathed its
way
Down to the earth's green face ; the air grew
warm,
The snowdrops had regained their lonely charm ;
The world had melted round them in a day :
My full heart longed for violets, the blue arch
Of heaven, the blackbird's song, but Nature kept
Her stately order — vegetation slept —
Nor could I force the unborn sweets of March
Upon a winter's thaw. With eyes that brooked
A narrower prospect than my fancy craved,
Upon the golden aconites I looked,
And on the leafless willows as they waved,
And on the broad-leaved, half-thawed ivy-tod,
That glittered, dripping down upon the sod.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.

ON HEARING A LARK IN JANUARY.

THE snow had hardly melted from the field ;
In rifts the dull grey sky had changed to blue ;
And the cold sun came slowly struggling through,
With yellow lustre, like great golden shield.
Up sprang a lark, blithe in the air to yield
His tribute thankful ; up and up he flew,
And poured his notes, as though they would renew
The promise of soft summer soon revealed.
Oh, bird of faith and meek content, I draw
A lesson from thy song so piercing sweet,
And would with thee rise to the blissful law.
Up would I spring in shining moments too,
And sing between the showers. Some lagging
feet
With song may swifter move their work to do.

J. A. P.
Good Words.

SMOKE IN WINTER.

THE sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day,
Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed

As its half-awakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumbering, and sluggish thoughts
Have not yet swept into the outward current
Of the new day; — and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct,
The mind intent to wield the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His earliest scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
And, while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

WINDY AND GREY THE MORNING.

WINDY and grey the morning,
Rainy and low the light;
A woman wandered by me,
And, O! her cheeks were white!

A man came out to meet her,
But never a word he said,
Till she laid her hands upon his breast
And whispered, "He is dead."
They two looked at each other,
And the love and the loss of years
Went over their faces like a cloud,
Breaking into tears.

I knew she had been watching
The sorrowful long night through,
And when her watch was over,
A sweet life was over too.
I knew he had been waiting
For a word which he felt before ;
But faint hope came with her coming step,
Then went forevermore.
They two looked at each other,
And silently passed away ;
And the winter sun went wearily up
To make another day.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

SONG.

THE winter woods, the winter woods,
They bevel best with all our moods,
With hardihood and wild despair,
With tender love and joyousness :

The crimes of cities they redress,
And broken faiths repair.

The winter woods, the winter woods
Are better far than house and goods,
Than food and raiment better far,
Than gilded walls and canopies :
They break but do not stop the breeze,
And never hide a star.

The winter woods, the winter woods,
All graces lurk within their buds ;
With melodies in branches fanned
A lofty dance they indicate ;
All bookish craft they subtly state,
With colors fill the land.

The winter woods, the winter woods
Are loveliest ere the April floods,
In naked swaying grandeur seen,
Before they know the name of blame,
Before the May cries, " Hide for shame
Your charms in robes of green."

CHARLES DE KAY.

A SONG OF WINTER.

BARBED blossom of the guarded gorse,
I love thee when I see thee shine,
Thou sweetener of our common ways,
And brightener of our wintry days.

Flower of the gorse, the rose is dead,
Thou art undying, O be mine !
Be mine with all thy thorns, and prest
Close to a heart that asks not rest.

I pluck thee and thy stigma set
Here on my breast and on my brow ;
Blow buds, and plenish so my wreath
That none may know the wounds beneath.

Sharp crown of thorns and burning gold,
No festal coronal art thou ;
Thy honied blossoms are but hives
That guard the growth of wingèd lives.

I saw thee in the time of flowers
As sunshine spilled upon the land,
As burning bushes all a-blaze
With sacred fire ; but went my ways ;

I went my ways, and as I went
Plucked kindlier blooms on either hand.
Now of those blooms so strangely sweet
None lives to stay my passing feet.

And yet thy lamp upon the hill
Feeds on the autumn's dying sigh,
And from thy midst comes murmuring
A music sweeter than of spring.

Barbed blossom of the guarded gorse,
 Be mine to wear until I die,
 And mine the wounds of love which still
 Bear witness to his human will.

MRS. EMILY [DAVIS] PFEIFFER.

THE WINDS OF THE WINTER.

THE winds of the winter have breathed their dirges
 Far over the wood and the leaf-strown plain;
 They have passed, forlorn, by the mountain verges
 Down to the shores of the moaning main;
 And the breast of the smitten sea divides,
 Till the voice of winds and the voice of tides
 Seem blent with the roar of the central surges,
 Whose fruitless furrows are sown with rain.

The pines look down, and their branches shiver *
 On the misty slopes of the mountain wall,
 And I hear the shout of a mountain river
 Through the gloom of the ghostly gorges call;
 While from drifting depths of the troubled sky
 Outringeth the eagle's wild reply,
 So shrill that the startled echoes quiver;
 And the veil of the tempest is over all.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Above the Storm.

WINTER SUNRISE.

WHEN I consider, as I am forced to do,
The many causes of my discontent,
And count my failures, and remember too
How many hopes the failures represent ;
The hope of seeing what I have not seen,
The hope of winning what I have not won,
The hope of being what I have not been,
The hope of doing what I have not done ;
When I remember and consider these, —
Against my Past my Present seems to lie
As bare and black as yonder barren trees
Against the brightness of the morning sky,
Whose golden expectation puts to shame
The lurking hopes to which they still lay claim.

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

★ ON THE WIND OF JANUARY.

ON the wind of January
Down flits the snow,
Travelling from the frozen North
As cold as it can blow.
Poor robin redbreast,
Look where he comes ;
Let him in to feel your fire,
And toss him of your crumbs.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.
A Year's Windfalls.

WIND.

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the winter stark,
Oh the level dark,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the owlet's croon
To the haggard moon,
To the waning moon,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the fleshless stare,
Oh the windy hair,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the cold sigh,
Oh the hollow cry,

The lean and hollow cry,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the white sight,
Oh the shuddering night,
The shivering shuddering night,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

THE LEAFLESS TREE.

I too will wait with thee returning spring,
When thick the leaves shall cling on every bough,
And birds within their new-grown arbor sing,
Unmindful of the storms that tear me now;
For I have stript me naked to the blast
That now in triumph through my branches rides :
But soon the winter's bondage shall be past
To him who in the Saviour's love abides ;
And as his Father to thy limbs returns,
Blossom and bloom to sprinkle o'er thy dress,
So shall Christ call from out their funeral urns,
Those who in patience still their souls possess ;
And clothe in raiment never to wax old,
All whom his Father gave him for his fold.

JONES VERY.

*WHERE ARE THE SONGS I USED TO
KNOW?*

WHERE are the songs I used to know?

Where are the notes I used to sing?

I have forgotten everything

I used to know so long ago;

Summer has followed after Spring;

Now Autumn is so shrunk and sere,

I scarcely think a sadder thing

Can be the Winter of my year.

Yet Robin sings through Winter's rest,

When bushes put their berries on;

While they their ruddy jewels don,

He sings out of a ruddy breast;

The hips and haws and ruddy breast

Make one spot warm where snowflakes lie.

They break and cheer the unlovely rest

Of Winter's pause, — and why not I?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
Love's Labor's Lost.

THE SNOWS.

THE green and happy world is hidden away ;
 Cold, cold, the ghostly snows lie on its breast ;
 The white miles reach the shadows wan and grey
 'Neath wan grey skies unchanged from east to
 west,
 Sleep on beneath the snows, chilled, barren, earth ;
 There are no blossoms for thy winter dearth :
 Break not nor melt, fall still from heaven, wan
 snows ;
 Hide the spoiled earth, and numb her to repose.

MRS. AUGUSTA [DAVIES] WEBSTER.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHEN skies are cold with wintry stars, and hills
Are white with yester-even's snow, and lie
In ghostly state beneath the ghostly sky ;
When many a gusty blast the darkness fills
With ever lonely, homeless sound, and chills
The window panes with frost ; when crackling fly
The sparks about the hearth, and glow and die,
While in the pause his note the cricket trills ;
Oh, then how dear is home ! and what a sense
Of ruddy warmth and peace beguiles the mind !
And what a charm in listening while the wind
Blows fierce outside, through winter's starry tents,
And dies away around the window-pane,
And ever rises loud, and dies again !

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF.

WINTER.

THE mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with holly,
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy ;
Iceicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
Younkers skate on the pool below,
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
And hark, how the cold winds blow !

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
Here runs Dick to fetch a log ;
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine,
Old and young cough as they go,
The round red sun forgets to shine,
And hark, how the cold winds blow !

HORACE SMITH.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

THOUGH, wrapped in quiet dreams, the gentle flowers
Beneath the frosty turf are slumbering ;
Though stormy Winter, stern and cruel king,
Strips bare the thorny shrubs and lonely bowers
Of all their bloom ; though in the evening hours
No happy bird flits by on silent wing,
And sings till wood and dale seem listening ;
Though earth is chilled by death's unfeeling powers,
Yet in my heart so dear a picture glows,
Of leafy dells and rills and waving fields,
That sunlight o'er the dreary landscape steals,
And flowers seem to blossom from the snows.
'Tis thus in life that memory reveals,
Mid all our storms, some scene of sweet repose !

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF.

WINTER.

SING O! and alas!
O! when will the winter pass?
When will the bitter wind be gone
And the glistering of the sun
Free the streams that are chained in ice,
Shine upon the dead-cold face
Of the sleeping Earth, and entice
Coy buds from their hiding-place?
It is dull and drear
While the lazy Year
Sleeps close enwrapt in his snowy pall:
Lawn or water, —
What does it matter?
The bleak white winter is over them all.

CHARLES GIPPS PROWETT.
The Shepherd Lord.

A WINTRY SONNET.

A ROBIN said: The Spring will never come,
And I shall never care to build again.
A ROSEBUSH said: These frosts are wearisome,
My sap will never stir for sun or rain.
The round Moon said: These nights are fogged and
slow,
I neither care to wax nor care to wane.

The Ocean said : I thirst from long ago,
Because earth's rivers cannot fill the main.

When Springtime came, red Robin built a nest,
And trilled a lover's song in sheer delight
Grey hoarfrost vanished, and the Rose with might
Clothed her in leaves and buds of crimson core.
The dim Moon brightened. Ocean sunned his crest,
Dimpled his blue, yet thirsted evermore.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

MOTHER'S WINTER-NIGHT SONG.

SLEEP, my babe, my darling, sleep and rest,
Warmly folded to my breast.
Though the night-wind blows,
And the still, white snows
Fill the robin's empty nest,
Sleep, my babe, my darling, sleep and rest.

Gentle slumber parts thy dewy mouth :
Far away in bloomy south
Little robin red
Trills, and turns his head ;
But thy song's as sweet, little dewy mouth,
Warm thy nest, as robin's in the south.

MRS. ZADEL [BARNES] GUSTAFSON.

IN THE LIBRARY IN WINTER.

Now, amid all the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat, —
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves, —
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead ;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.

JAMES THOMSON.
The Seasons.

THE DEATH OF ARNKEL.

ACROSS the roaring board in Helgafell,
Above the clash of ringing horns of ale,
The guests of Snorri, reddened with the frost,
Weighed all their comrades through a winter night,
Disputing which was first in thew and brain
And courteous acts of manhood ; some averred
Their host, the shifty Snorri, first of men,
While some were bent to Arnkel, some to Styrr.
Then Thorleif Kimbi shouted down the hall,
“ Folly and windy talk ! the stalwart limbs

Of Styrr, and that sharp goodly face of thine,
All-cunning Snorri, make one man, not twain,
One man in friendship and in rede, not twain,
Nor that man worthy to be named for skill,
Or strength, or beauty, or for popular arts,
With Arnkel, son of Thorolf, the grim ghost.
Wit has he, though not lacking wherewithal
In sinew ; see to it, comrades, lest he crush
The savage leaders of our oligarchy,
Vast, indolent, mere iron masks of men,
Unfit for civic uses ; his the hand
To gather all our forces like the reins
Of patient steeds, and drive us at his will,
Unless we stir betimes and are his foes."

So from his turbulent mouth the shaft struck home,
Venomed with envy and the jealous pride
Of birth ; and ere they roared themselves to rest,
The chieftains vowed that Arnkel must be slain.
Nor waited many days ; for one clear night
Freystein, the spy, as near his sheep he watched,
Saw Arnkel fetching hay from Orlygstad,
With three young thralls of his own household folk,
And left the fold, and crept across the fell,
And wakened from their first sweet midnight sleep
The sons of Thorbrand, and went on, and roused
Snorri, who dreamed of blood and dear revenge.

Then through the frosty moonlit night they sped,
Warmed to the heart with hopes of murderous play,
Nine men from Snorri's house ; and by the sea

At Altopfjord they met the six men armed
With Thorlief; scarcely greeted they, but skimmed
Along the black shore of the flashing fjord,
Lit by the large moon in a cloudless sky;
Over the swelling, waning ice they flew,
Grinding the tufts of grass beneath their sleighs,
So silent, that the twigs of juniper
Snapped under them, sharp, like a cracking whip,
Echoing, and so to Orlygstad they came.

But Arnkel saw them through the cold bright air,
And turned, and bade the three young thralls haste
home,
To bring back others of their kith to fight;
So, maddened by base fear, they rushed, and one
Or ever he neared the homestead, as he fled,
Slipped on the forehead of a mountain force,
And volleying down from icy plane to plane,
Woke all the echoes of that waterfall,
And died, while numb with fright the others ran.

But Arnkel bowed, and loosened from his sleigh
The iron runner with its shining point,
And leaped upon the fence, and set his back
Against the hay-stack; through the frosty night
Its warm deep odor passed into his brain.
But Snorri and his fellows with no word
Sprang from their sleighs, and met below the fence,
And reaching upward with their brawny arms,
Smote hard at Arnkel. With the runner he,

Cleaving with both hands, parried blow on blow,
Till, shaft by shaft, their spears splintered and
snapt ;

Nor would they yet have reached him, but that he,
Gathering a mighty stroke at Thorleif's head,
Dashed down his runner on the icy fence
And shivered it, while backwards Thorleif fell,
Bending the slimness of his supple loins,
Unwounded. Then a moment's space they stood
Silent. Then from the hay-stack at his back
His glittering sword and buckler Arnkel seized,
And like a wildcat clomb the stack, and stood
Thigh-deep, astride upon the quivering hay,
Raining down thrusts and blinding all his foes
With moony lightnings from the flashing steel.
But Thorleif clambered up behind his back,
And Snorri, with his shield before his face,
Harassed him through the wavering veil of hay,
And Styrr, like some great monster of the fells,
Swayed his huge broadsword in his knotted fists,
And swept it, singing, through the helm and brain,
And deep sank Arnkel on the bloody stack.

They wrapped his corse in hay, and left him there ;
To whom within the silence of the night
Came that dark ghost, his father, whose black face
Affrights the maidens in the milking-stead ;
And till afar along the frozen road
The tinkling of the sleighs he heard, and knew
That, all too late, the thralls of Arnkel came,
He hung above the body of his son,

Casting no shadow in the dazzling moon,
 Cursing the gods with inarticulate voice,
 And cursing that too envious mood of men
 That brooks no towering excellence, nor heeds
 Virtue, nor welfare of the unsceptred state.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

THE CHORISTER.

Snow on the high-pitched minster roof and spire :
 Snow on the boughs of leafless linden trees :
 Snow on the silent streets and squares that freeze
 Under night's wing down-drooping nigh and nigher.
 Inside the church, within the shadowy choir,
 Dim burn the lamps like lights on vaporous seas ;
 Drowsed are the voices of droned litanies ;
 Blurred as in dreams the face of priest and friar.
 Cold hath numbed sense to slumber here ! But
 hark,
 One swift soprano, soaring like a lark,
 Startles the stillness ; throbs that soul of fire,
 Beats around arch and isle, floods echoing dark
 With exquisite aspiration ; higher, higher,
 Yearns in sharp anguish of untold desire !

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.
In Black and White.

THE PORTENT.

At dead of one wild, starless winter night,
 I woke from out a tranquil, dreamless sleep,
 And heard the wind with vengeful clamor sweep
 From some tumultuous cloud-veiled mountain height;
 And like the echo of mad waves that smite
 A rock-ribbed coast, and, baffled, backward leap
 Into the bosom of the yawning deep,
 Seemed the dread sounds that told the tempest's
 might.

But while I raised my heart in silent prayer
 For those who sailed the trackless waste of sea,
 In foam-capped serried ridges towering tall,
 There came a lull; no sound assailed the air.
 When, like a portent of what was to be,
 A death-watch ticked within my chamber-wall!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGH ALPS.

NOTES of a mute, not melancholy world,
 A world of snows and darkness and moon-sheen,
 Of still, crystalline air and stars serene,
 And stationary pines in slumber furled:
 Notes of the sober night, when drift is whirled
 By tireless winds over the solemn scene,
 When the lake-pavement groans, and mists between
 The shadowy mountain tops are coldly curled:

Notes of a meditative man who walks

Those white fields and that ice-floor all alone,

Yet draws warm life from winter's frozen wells;

Notes of a soul that most divinely talks

Unto herself in silence and hath known

The God that in the mystic moon-world dwells.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

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